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WHILE Western seas and deeds of matchless
fame

Immortalize Britannia's envied name,

Sublime on Rodney's prow her Genius stands ;

But ah ! the laurel trembling in his hands,

Sad spectacle ! a gushing tear o'erflows

His antient cheek, and marks his rising woes !

- ‘ And art thou destin’d to an early grave,
- ‘ The bravest youth, where every youth is brave,
- ‘ MANNERS! how formed with each resistless
grace!
- ‘ Blest with the virtues of thy noble race!
- ‘ Spurning soft Pleasure’s charms with wise disdain
- ‘ To hurl my thunder o’er the subject Main;
- ‘ MANNERS! the valiant, amiable and young,
- ‘ MANNERS! the theme of all the British song;
- ‘ In vain thy bosom burns with warlike fire,
- ‘ And emulates the glory of thy fire,
- ‘ Illustrious GRANBY, once his Country’s boast,
- ‘ And to his Country immaturely lost!

' A Soul like his thy op'ning years unfold
 ' As Friendship kind, and as the lion bold,
 ' In vain ! in vain ! for ah ! dissolv'd in tears
 ' Sudden a visionary train appears
 ' Of British Maids ; o'er drooping wreaths they
 mourn,
 ' Wreaths Such as love entwines for thy return,
 ' Or Geraldine might hang on Surrey's urn.
 ' In vain ! in vain ! for ah ! with solemn knell
 ' Ocean's green daughters strike the fun'ral shell,
 ' And dimly gleaming from the troubled wave
 ' Shriek o'er a fav'rite warrior's destin'd grave ! —

' BUT

‘ But see! where hov’ring o’er th’ embattled
deep

‘ Fate scatters death, and weeps, if Fate can weep,

‘ Aw’d by thy youthful fame—confus’d and flow

‘ He strikes, and pitying half averts the blow.

‘ Oh! spare for British triumphs yet unwon

‘ My RUTLAND’s brother! spare my GRANBY’s son!

‘ Swift from the deck your wounded hero bear—

‘ His Britons only answer with a tear!

‘ For ah! too fondly brave! in martial state

‘ Intrepid MANNERS sits, and smiles at Fate! —

‘ Sunk in the painful grasp of ling’ring Death,

“ *Britannia*” trembles on his latest breath ;

‘ And

‘ And like that youthful prodigy of Greece,
 ‘ First in the toils of war, and arts of peace,
 ‘ The gen’rous Theban, see! like him he cries,
 ‘ *My Country conquers,*’ and like him he dies!

‘ DEAR youth! not keener anguish pierc’d
 my heart,

‘ When godlike Sidney felt the fatal dart;
 ‘ Or when, with British love of glory fir’d,
 ‘ Wolfe in the arms of Victory expir’d!——

THE Genius spoke — and hark! on trembling
 wing

Again the Muse attunes her vocal string,

With

With Memory's soft images oppress!

Nor can thy laurels charm her woe to rest,

Ah! dearest youth! how soon with night o'er-
spread

Thy dawn of glory sets among the dead!

Number'd by brilliant acts thy years are past!

Just born to conquer, and to breathe thy last!

What, tho' proud Gallia, impotently vain,

Laments her honors lost, and heroes slain;

What, tho' no more she boasts her captive fails

Securely flutt'ring in the Western gales;

While splendid scenes Britannia's sons employ,

Fire the bold heart, and swell the tide of joy:

Yet,

Yet, MANNERS! shall thy suff'ring virtue move
 The Muse to heartfelt pangs of grief and love!
 Yet thy Britannia, ocean's laurel'd queen,
 Weeping 'midst shouts of conquest shall be seen;
 For Fame, her glory while she spreads, shall tell
 That Gallia triumph'd, when a MANNERS fell.—

Lov'd, honor'd, wept! to thee, heroic shade,
 Soon shall thy Country's grateful debt be paid;
 Sorrowing she hastes the trophied tomb to raise,
 And bids the weeping marble speak thy praise
 In her sepulchral fane, where deeds like thine,
 High blazon'd, among British heroes shine;

And

And teach her sons, and as they teach inspire,
 To toil for death, and be what they admire.
 There, in a nation's love, a nation's grief,
 Rutland from patriot cares shall find relief;
 And while his graceful consort by his side,
 Lovely as gentle Spring in Flora's pride,
 Sheds sweetest incense on their MANNERS' tomb,
 Celestial tears! for thee new laurels bloom,
 And Fame well-pleas'd, the hallow'd isles among,
 O'er rostral trophies swells a louder song.

And lo! where bosom'd in Arcadian shades
 Stowe smiles majestic o'er her varying glades,

Charming

Charming at once the soul and ravish'd sense
 With polish'd Natures just magnificence !

Hail ! happy groves, where Virtue never dies,
 Where TEMPLE gives what cruel Fate denies ;
 How vast the scene, and with what art refin'd !

Bright as his genius, noble as his mind !

Hail ! happy groves, where Britons truly great
 Fear not the flight of Time, or threats of Fate ;
 Britons, who dare to bleed in Freedom's cause
 Opposing tyrants and supporting laws :

And who, like thee, with conscious valour
 glow,

Direct the fight and urge th' astonish'd foe

Swifter than eagles, while the wild winds roar
 And the scar'd billows howl from shore to shore.
 Methinks I see thy breathing image stand,
 The wonder of the willing sculptor's hand!
 And near brave Grenville, claim the laurel wreath,
 Grenville! allied in valour and in death!
 While every Muse and every Grace around,
 And all the Worthies o'er the sacred ground,
 Charm'd with thy fame, and of a MANNERS vain,
 Salute thee with a more than mortal strain,
 And bid thy spirit live, and triumph o'er the
 Main! —

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